

M E M O I R  
O F  
SOME PRINCIPAL CIRCUMSTANCES  
IN THE  
L I F E A N D D E A T H

OF THE  
REVEREND AND LEARNED  
Augustus Montague Toplady, B. A.

Late Vicar of BROAD HEMBURY, DEVON:

To which is added, written by himself, the

DYING BELIEVER'S ADDRESS to his SOUL,

A N D

HIS OWN LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

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*I am persuaded, that neither DEATH, nor Life, nor Angels, nor Principalities, nor Powers, nor Things present, nor Things to come, nor Height, nor Depth, nor any other Creature, shall be able to separate us from the Love of GOD, which is in CHRIST JESUS our LORD, Rom. viii. 38, 39.*

Vivo tibi, ac morior; spes mea, vita, salus. MELCH. AD.

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L O N D O N :

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## MEMOIR, &c.

**T**HE Memoirs of extraordinary Men have always been acceptable to the World; and much Instruction has been gathered from their Example. The Mind often feels a Force from Facts, when it cannot be reached by Theories; and receives that kind of Satisfaction from the Proof or Demonstration of a Truth, which no mere Principles, however just and correct, can possibly give it.

To the Christian World, for the same Reason, the Examples of *the Heirs of Salvation* have been still more peculiarly valuable. They find Doctrines of the highest and most lasting Importance confirmed and substantiated by Testimonies and Evidences, which are not more serious and reviving, than full and undeniable. *Precious in the Sight of the LORD is the Death of his Saints;* and precious likewise in the Sight of all his People. They have ocular Demonstration, that



Grace can and does rise superior to Nature ; that ~~the weak and feeble in themselves~~ *are strong in the Lord and in the Power of his Might* ; and that they are not only promised to be, but are, *Conquerors and more than Conquerors through Him that loved them.* These Facts, therefore, of God's Presence with his People, in the most trying of all human Circumstances, cannot but be estimable in the Eyes of those Persons, who look beyond the Grave for their Portion, and whose Hopes can only be filled with Immortality. They are enabled to take Courage from the Christian Heroes gone before them, and, seeing the Faithfulness of God to his Promises in others, are emboldened for themselves to look forward with holy Joy upon that Period, *when Mortality shall be swallowed up of Life*, and when their Place upon Earth shall know them no more. Consequently, they may triumph in the glorious Evidence of a better Inheritance, and long for that perfect Consummation of Bliss, which they are hereafter to share, *with the Spirits of just Men made perfect, and with the general Assembly of the First-born, which are written in Heaven.*

For this Purpose of Comfort and Edification, the following Account of the late Reverend and Learned Mr. AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY is compiled. If the Reader from hence receive any good Hope through Grace, to pass through the Valley of the Shadow of Death and to fear no Evil,



Evil, as he passed; the End will be answered, for which this Memoir is penned, and for which alone it ought to be desired. The Doctrines, preached by this able Divine, were brought into his own Experience by the Grace of his Redeemer, and were his Joy and Triumph in the Article of Death: And if the same Effect is wrought upon the Hearts and Consciences of other Christians, through his Example; it would be the highest Accomplishment of his Wishes, as it would be a present Evidence to themselves of their hereafter rejoicing with him, where he is rejoicing, "in the Heaven of Heavens, to all Eternity." 'Tis this Demonstration of Experience, or the Proof of the Christian Doctrine upon Fact, that comforts and lifts up God's People in their last Hours; for this (as a very gracious Man observed) "goes much farther than the Judgement, "and passes the Strength of mere natural Understanding; and hence we *feel*, we *taste*, we *enjoy*; yea, the very Voice of *Christ* is heard in the Soul, by which we know that *we* are *his*, and that he is *our's*." 'Tis the Shield of Faith alone, which repels the Terror of Death and *quenches the fiery Darts of the Devil*.

His Father was *Richard Toplady*, Esq; a Captain in the Army, and his Mother *Catharine Bate*, Sister to the late Rev. *Julius Bate*, and to the Rev. Mr. *Bate*, Rector of *St. Paul's, Deptford*, by whom they were married, at the said Church,

on



on Dec. 31st, 1737. They had Issue one Son, *Francis*, who died in his Infancy, and afterwards *Mr. Augustus Toplady*, the Subject of our Memoir, who was born at *Farnham*, in *Surry*, on *Tuesday*, *November* the 4th, 1740, and there baptized. His Godfathers were *Augustus Middleton* and *Adolphus Montague*, Esquires; in respect to whom, he bore the Christian Name of the one, and the Surname of the other. His Father died at the Siege of *Carthage*, soon after his Birth. He received the Rudiments of his Education at *Westminster School*; but, it becoming necessary for his Mother to make a Journey to *Ireland* to pursue some Claims to an Estate in that Kingdom, he accompanied her thither, and was entered at *Trinity College* in *Dublin*, at which Seminary he took his Degree of Batchelor of Arts. Being awakened to the Knowledge of God and of his own Heart, he prosecuted his Studies for the Ministry of the Gospel, with the most indefatigable Ardor. He thought, and thought justly, that Men in the most sacred and important of all Professions should be qualified in every respect for their Function; and that Sciolists in the clerical Office were, generally speaking, more inexcusable and more dangerous, than Empirics and Pretenders in the other Businesses of Life. As he abhorred the *Popish Tetter*, that "Ignorance is the Mother of Devotion;" so his Wish, as well as his Duty, was to be thoroughly furnished, and to avoid the Presumption

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tion of teaching *the Ignorant and those that are out of the Way*, without having the Knowledge, as well as the Grace, indispensably requisite for that Purpose. He could not but believe, with some other great and good Men, that he must be very much unqualified to explain the Scriptures to others, without being acquainted himself with the Languages in which they were written, and with those other invaluable Books upon religious Subjects, which have been handed down, in the learned Tongues, through a long Succession of Ages. Of course, therefore, he was diligent in all human Attainments: And the Church will undoubtedly witness the Advantages she has received from this happy Conjunction of spiritual and natural Endowments. Thus prepared, by Grace in his Soul and Knowledge in his Understanding, which was naturally clear and strong, he received Orders on Trinity Sunday, the 6th of *June*, 1762; and, after some Time, was inducted into the Living of *Broad Hembury* in *Devonshire*. Here he pursued his Labors with increasing Assiduity, and composed most of those Writings, which will render Service to the Church, and do Honor to his Memory, while Truth and Learning shall be esteemed valuable among Men.

He had, for some Years, occasionally visited and spent some Time in *London*; but, in the Year 1775, finding his Constitution much impaired by the moist Atmosphere of *Devonshire*,  
with



with which it never agreed, he removed to *London* entirely, after some unsuccessful Attempts to exchange his Living for another, of equivalent Value, in some of the middle Counties. Here, by the Solicitation of his numerous Friends, and from a Desire to be useful wherever the Divine Providence might lead him, he engaged the Chapel, belonging to the *French* Reformed, near *Leicester Fields*; where he preached twice in the Week, while his Health permitted, and afterwards occasionally, as much as, or rather more than, he was well able to do. In this Ministration, it pleased God to remove him, by a slow Consumption, from the Church militant on Earth, to the Church triumphant in Heaven, on *Tuesday* the 11th of *August*, 1778. His Body was buried, agreeable to his own Desire, communicated to some Friends, in *Tottenham Court* Chapel on the *Monday* following; where, though his Wishes, like those of the famous *St. Basil*, were against all Parade and Observation, it was attended by a numerous Concourse of People, many of whom seemed deeply sensible of the Loss of so able a Pillar in the Church of God.

It would be unnecessary in this Place to say any thing of his Writings. They speak for themselves, and shew the eminent Abilities and Learning, which through Grace were given him. A Catalogue of his Publications is subjoined; and there are some other Pieces, which, *after* the signing of



his last Will and Testament, he gave Leave to his Executor to dispose of, as he might think proper, and which probably may hereafter appear. It is right, however, to inform the Reader, that his intense Application to Study, which he frequently pursued through the Night to three and four o'Clock in the Morning, seems to have been the Means of inducing his Disorder, and of accelerating his End. From this severe Pursuit, so long as his Body was able to bear it, he could not be dissuaded.

He thought himself called upon to assert and maintain the Truths of the Gospel; and he was resolved to relinquish this Duty only with his Breath. To a Friend, who had expressed some Concern for his Health, upon Account of his close Applications, some Time before his Disorder was confirmed, he wrote the following Words:

“ God give us to sink deeper and deeper into  
 “ his Love, and to rise higher and higher into  
 “ the Image of his Holiness! And thoroughly  
 “ persuaded I am, that, the more we are enabled  
 “ to love and resemble Him, the more active we  
 “ shall be, to promote his Glory, and to extend  
 “ his Cause, with our Lips, our Pens, our Lives,  
 “ our All. Be this our Business, and our Bliss,  
 “ on Earth. In Heaven, we shall have nothing  
 “ to do, but to *see Him as He is*, to participate  
 “ his Glory, and to sing his Praise, in delightful,  
 “ in never-ending Concert with Angels, with  
 B “ Saints



“ Saints who are got home before us, and with  
 “ those of the Elect, whom we knew and loved  
 “ below. I would not give Six-pence for a Friend-  
 “ ship, which Time and Death are able to quench.  
 “ *Our* Friendship is not of that evanid Species.  
 “ I can, therefore, subscribe myself,

“ *Ever and for ever your's in CHRIST.*”

Here we see the great Spring and Motive of his Labors, and the Object which directed his Activity in his Master's Service. He had the desired Satisfaction to see his public Ministrations, both by Word and Writing, extensively blest: And there are many left behind him, who will doubtless be his Joy and Crown of rejoicing in the Day of the LORD JESUS. Like *Luther*, he was *hostis acerrimus*, a very cutting Adversary to Error; and his Love to Truth was as strong and ardent, as his Abilities were quick and powerful to defend it, when attacked or opposed. Witness his own Expressions in a Letter to the Friend abovementioned, upon the Defection of some Persons from the Cause of Truth: “ For my own  
 “ Part (says he) I wish to live and die, with the  
 “ Sword of the Spirit in my Hand; and, as Dr.  
 “ *Young* expresses it, *Never to put off my Armor,*  
 “ *till I put on my Shroud.* As far as my Situation will admit, I hope always to act up to this  
 “ Maxim.” The Character, given by an antient Writer, of one of the Fathers \*, who combated the

\* Theodoret. de Jacob. Antioch, apud Cave in *Hist. Lit.*



*Arian* Heresy on its Appearance, that he was one of "the firmest and the first of the whole Band who contended for the Truth," might, without Exaggeration, be applied to Mr. *Toplady*, in his Opposition to the reigning Heterodoxy of *Arminius*. Nor did he fail of his Wish: He had (as it were taken) Measure for his Shroud, before he laid down his Pen. His Style was nervous and masculine; his Language easy and flowing, without being florid or diffuse; and his Arguments close, clear, and pertinent. In a Word, he was to the Opposers of Truth a *Boanerges*; but to its Friends a *Barnabas*.

He had no Preferment in the Church besides the Vicarage of *Broad Hembury*, which, as his Mind could never brook the Idea of living ill with his Parish upon the Account of Tythes, did not amount, *communibus annis*, to Eighty Pounds a Year. For this Living he exchanged another, not far distant from it, which had been procured for him by his Friends in a Mode, which (though usual enough) his Conscience could not approve; and therefore, when he became acquainted with the Manner of their Diligence, which was not for some Time afterwards, he could not rest satisfied till he had parted with it. He did not seek Preferments; because he could not solicit them in the common Way. His own Account of his engaging in the pastoral Office, in the Introduction to that masterly Work, entitled "*Historic Proof*



of the doctrinal Calvinism of the Church of England, is too remarkable to be omitted here; "I bless God (says he) for enabling me to esteem *the Reproach of Christ* greater Treasure, than all the Applause of Men, and all the Preferments of the Church. When I received Orders, *I obtained Mercy to be faithful*; and, from that Moment, gave up what is called *the World*, so far as I conceived it to interfere with Faith and a good Conscience. The Opposition, which I have met with, in the Course of my ten Years Ministry, has been nothing, compared with what I expected would ensue on an open, steady Attachment to the Truths of God." He could say with Archbishop Warham, *Satis viatici ad cælum*: He had enough to carry him to Heaven, and but very little more. How rarely, in these Times, do we find either Principle or Conduct so truly exemplary!

But the View of this good Man's last Sickness and Death is principally intended here. He met the King of Terrors, disarmed of his Terrors through the Grace of his Saviour, and found him an Angel, a Messenger of Peace. He had long been visibly declining in his Health; but could only be prevailed upon to restrain from Preaching, for some Time before his Decease, by the express Injunction of his Physician, and the particular Intreaties of his Friends. Indeed, his Feebleness of Body, for some Months before his

End



End, was such, that, when he attempted to speak in Public, he could scarce be heard for the few Minutes he was able to stand, and seemed almost like a Man lifted up to preach from the Grave.

As his outward Man wasted and decayed, his inward Man was refreshed and renewed Day by Day. Towards the Close of his mortal Life, the Consolations of God in him were neither small nor few. He looked, not only with Composure, but Delight, on the Grave; and *groaned earnestly* for his heavenly Habitation. He had constantly, to use Dr. Young's Expression,

*One Eye on Death, and one full fix'd on Heav'n.*

In this Respect, he most happily exemplified his own Observation, communicated upon the Death of a Friend. " I have long observed, (says he) " that such of God's People, as are least on the " Mount while they travel to Heaven, are highest " on it, and replenished with the richest Discover- " ries of Divine Love, in the closing Scene of " Life. When they come in actual View of that " River, which parts the Church below from the " Church above, the celestial City rises full in " Sight; the Sense of Interest in the Covenant " of Grace becomes clearer and brighter; the " Book of Life is opened to the Eye of Assur- " ance; the Holy Spirit more feelingly applies " the Blood of Sprinkling, and warms the Soul " with that Robe of Righteousness which JESUS " wrought. The once feeble Believer is made to " be



“ be as *David*. The once trembling Hand is  
 “ enabled to lay fast Hold on the Cross of Christ.  
 “ The Sun goes down without a Cloud.—  
 “ Weighty and beautiful are those Lines of Dr.  
 “ *Watts*.

“ *Just such is the Christian—His Race he begins,*  
 “ *Like the Sun, in a Mist, when he mourns for his Sins,*  
 “ *And melts into Tears. Then he breaks out, and shines,*  
 “ *And travels his heavenly Way.*  
 “ *But, as he draws nearer to finish his Race,*  
 “ *Like a fine setting Son, he looks richer in Grace ;*  
 “ *And gives a sure Hope at the End of his Days,*  
 “ *Of rising, in brighter Array.”*

To several of his Friends, who visited him in the last Stage of his Decline, he used many striking Expressions of the Comforts vouchsafed him, and of the sweet Earnests of Glory which he felt in his Soul. Some of these Friends committed to Paper several of his most remarkable Words, for their own Memory and for the Satisfaction of others.

In Conversation with a Gentleman of the Faculty, not long before his Death, he frequently disclaimed with Abhorrence the least Dependence on his own Righteousness, as any Cause of his Justification before GOD, and rejoiced greatly in the free, complete, and everlasting Salvation of GOD's Elect by *Jesus Christ*, through the Sanctification of the *Holy Spirit*. We cannot satisfy the Reader more than by giving this Friend's  
 own



own Relation of his Intercourse and Conversation. “ A remarkable Jealousy was apparent in  
 “ his whole Conduct, for Fear of receiving any  
 “ Part of that Honor, which is due to *Christ*  
 “ alone. He desired to be nothing, and that  
 “ *Jesus* might be all, and in all.—His Feelings  
 “ were so very tender upon this Subject, that I  
 “ once very undesignedly put him almost in an  
 “ Agony, by remarking the great Loss, which  
 “ the Church of *Christ* would sustain by his Death,  
 “ at this particular Juncture.—The utmost Dis-  
 “ tress was immediately visible in his Countenance,  
 “ and he exclaimed to this Purpose; *What; by*  
 “ *my Death? No! By my Death? No.*—JESUS  
 “ CHRIST is able, and will, by proper Instruments,  
 “ defend his own Truths.—And with Regard to  
 “ what little I have been enabled to do in this Way;  
 “ not to me, not to me, but to his Name, and to  
 “ that only, be the Glory.

“ Conversing upon the Subject of Election,  
 “ he said; That God’s everlasting Love to his  
 “ chosen People; his eternal, particular, most free,  
 “ and immutable Choice of them in *Christ Jesus*;  
 “ was without the least Respect to any Work, or  
 “ Works, of Righteousness, wrought, or to be  
 “ wrought, or that ever should be wrought, in them  
 “ or by them: For God’s Election does not depend  
 “ upon our Sanctification, but our Sanctification de-  
 “ pends upon God’s Election and Appointment of  
 “ us to everlasting Life.—At another Time, he  
 “ was



“ was so affected with a Sense of God’s everlast-  
 “ ing Love to his Soul, that he could not refrain  
 “ from bursting into Tears.—

“ The more his bodily Strength was impaired,  
 “ the more vigorous, lively, and rejoicing, his  
 “ Mind seemed to be. From the whole Tenor  
 “ of his Conversation during our Interviews, he  
 “ appeared not merely placid and serene, but  
 “ he evidently possessed the fullest Assurance of  
 “ the most triumphant Faith. He repeatedly  
 “ told me, that he had not had the Shadow of a  
 “ Doubt, respecting his eternal Salvation, for  
 “ near two Years past. It is no Wonder, there-  
 “ fore, that he so earnestly longed to be dissolved  
 “ and to be with *Christ*. His Soul seemed to be  
 “ constantly panting Heaven-ward; and his De-  
 “ sires increased, the nearer his Dissolution ap-  
 “ proached.—A short Time before his Death, at  
 “ his Request, I felt his Pulse; and he desired  
 “ to know, what I thought of it. I told him, that  
 “ his Heart and Arteries evidently beat (almost  
 “ every Day) weaker and weaker. He replied  
 “ immediately, with the sweetest Smile upon his  
 “ Countenance, *Why, that’s a good Sign, that*  
 “ *my Death is fast approaching; and blessed be God,*  
 “ *I can add, that my Heart beats every Day*  
 “ *stronger and stronger for Glory.*

“ A few Days preceding his Dissolution, I  
 “ found him sitting up in his Arm-Chair, and  
 “ scarce able to move or speak. I addressed

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" him very softly, and asked, if his Consolations  
 " continued to abound, as they had hitherto  
 " done. He quickly replied; *Oh, my dear Sir,*  
 " *it is impossible to describe how good GOD is to me.*  
 " *Since I have been sitting in this Chair this After-*  
 " *noon (Glory be to his Name!) I have enjoyed*  
 " *such a Season, such sweet Communion with God,*  
 " *and such delightful Manifestations of his Pre-*  
 " *sence with, and Love to my Soul, that it is im-*  
 " *possible for Words, or any Language, to express*  
 " *them. I have had Peace and Joy unutterable:*  
 " *And I fear not, but that GOD's Consolations and*  
 " *Support will continue.—But he immediately re-*  
 " *collected himself, and added, What have I*  
 " *said? GOD may, to be sure, as a Sovereign,*  
 " *hide his Face and his Smiles from me; however,*  
 " *I believe he will not; and if he should, yet still*  
 " *will I trust in him: I know I am safe and se-*  
 " *cure; for his Love and his Covenant are ever-*  
 " *lasting."*

To another Friend, who, in a Conversation  
 with him upon the Subject of his Principles, had  
 asked him, whether any *Doubt* remained upon his  
 Mind respecting the Truth of them; he an-  
 swered; *Doubt, Sir, Doubt! Pray, use not that*  
*Word, when speaking of me. I cannot endure the*  
*Term; at least, while GOD continues to shine*  
*upon my Soul, in the gracious Manner He does now:*  
*Not (added he) but that I am sensible, that while,*  
*in the Body, if left of Him, I am capable, through*



*the Power of Temptation, of calling into Question every Truth of the Gospel. But, that is so far from being the Case, that the Comforts and Manifestations of his Love are so abundant, as to render my State and Condition the most desirable in the World. I would not exchange my Condition with any one upon Earth. And, with respect to my Principles; those blessed Truths, which I have been enabled in my poor Measure to maintain, appear to me, more than ever, most gloriously indubitable. My own Existence is not, to my Apprehension, a greater Certainty.*

*The same Friend, calling upon him a Day or two before his Death, he said, with Hands clasped, and his Eyes lifted up and starting with Tears of the most evident Joy, O my dear Sir, I cannot tell you the Comforts I feel in my Soul: They are past Expression. The Consolations of GOD to such an unworthy Wretch are so abundant, that He leaves me nothing to pray for, but a Continuance of them. I enjoy a Heaven already in my Soul. My Prayers are all converted into Praise. Nevertheless, I do not forget, that I am still in the Body, and liable to all those distressing Fears, which are incident to human Nature, when under Temptation and without any sensible divine Support. But, so long as the Presence of GOD continues with me in the Degree I now enjoy it, I cannot but think, that such a desponding Frame is impossible. All*

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this he spake with an Emphasis, the most ardent that can be conceived.

Speaking to another particular Friend upon the Subject of his "DYING AVOWAL," (a Paper which he published a little before his Death, respecting a Report which was said to have been raised of his recanting his Writings) he expressed himself thus; *My dear Friend, those great and glorious Truths, which the LORD, in rich Mercy, has given me to believe, and which He has enabled me (though very feebly) to stand forth in the Defence of, are not (as those, who believe not or oppose them, say) dry Doctrines, or mere speculative Points. No. But, being brought into practical and heart-felt Experience, they are the very Joy and Support of my Soul; and the Consolations, flowing from them, carry me far above the Things of Time and of Sense.* Soon afterwards he added; *So far as I know my own Heart, I have no Desire, but to be entirely passive; to live, to die, to be, to do, to suffer, whatever is GOD's blessed Will concerning me; being perfectly satisfied, that, as He ever has, so He ever will, do that which is best concerning me; and that He deals out, in Number, Weight and Measure, whatever will conduce most to his own Glory, and to the Good of his People.*

Another of his Friends, mentioning likewise the Report that was spread Abroad of his recanting his former Principles; he said, with some Vehemence and Emotion, *I recant my former Prin-*



*ciples! GOD forbid, that I should be so vile an Apostate. To which he presently added, with great apparent Humility, And yet that Apostate I should soon be, if I were left to myself.*

To the same Friend, conversing upon the Subject of his Sicknefs, he said; *Sickness is no Affliction; Pain no Curse; Death itself no Dissolution.*

Mr. *Toplady* had not learned the Doctrines of Grace in a human School; and it is no Wonder, therefore, that the Teacher, from whom he obtained them, neither suffered him to forget nor forego them. Writing, some Time since, to a Friend he had long esteemed, he used these Words, respecting his own Conversion; “ I well  
 “ remember, that, when I first began to discern  
 “ something of the Absurdities and Impieties of  
 “ Arminianism; my Mind was in a State of Suspence, for many succeeding Months. Dr.  
 “ *Manton's* Sermons, on the xviith of St. *John*,  
 “ were the Means, through which my Arminian  
 “ Prejudices received their primary Shock: A  
 “ Blessing, for which an Eternity of Praise will  
 “ be a poor Mite of Acknowledgement to that  
 “ GOD, whose Spirit turned me from Darkness  
 “ to Light. But it was a considerable Time  
 “ (and not till after much Prayer, and much  
 “ Reading on each Side of the Argument), e'er  
 “ my Judgement was absolutely fixed. I shall,  
 “ when in Heaven, remember the Year 1758,  
 “ with



“ with Gratitude and Joy : as I, doubtless, shall  
 “ the Year 1755, in which I was first awakened  
 “ to feel my Need of CHRIST.”

All his Conversations, as he approached nearer and nearer to his Decease, seemed more and more happy and heavenly. He frequently called himself the happiest Man in the World, O ! (says he) *how this Soul of mine longs to be gone ! Like a Bird imprisoned in a Cage, it longs to take its Flight. O that I had Wings like a Dove, then would I flee away to the Realms of Bliss, and be at Rest for ever ! O that some Guardian Angel might be commissioned ; for I long to be absent from this Body, and to be with my LORD for ever.* Being asked by a Friend, if he always enjoyed such Manifestations, he answered ; *I cannot say, there are no Intermissions ; for, if there were not, my Consolations would be more and greater than I could possibly bear ; but, when they abate, they leave such an abiding Sense of GOD's Goodness, and of the Certainty of my being fixed upon the eternal Rock CHRIST JESUS, that my Soul is still filled with Peace and Joy.*

At another Time, and indeed for many Days together, he cried out, *O what a Day of Sunshine has this been to me ! I have not Words to express it. It is unutterable. O, my Friends, how good is GOD ! Almost without Interruption, his Presence has been with me.* And then, repeating several Passages of Scripture, he added, *What a great*



*great Thing it is to rejoice in Death!* Speaking of CHR S Thaid, *His Love is unutterable!* He was happy in declaring, that the viiith Chapter of the Epistle to the *Romans*, from the 33d to the End of the six following Verses, were the Joy and Comfort of his Soul. Upon that Portion of Scripture he often descanted with great Delight, and would be frequently ejaculating, *Lord Jesus! why tarriest Thou so long!* He sometimes said, *I find as the Bottles of Heaven empty, they are filled again;* meaning, probably, the continual Comforts of Grace, which he abundantly enjoyed.

When he drew near his End, he said, waking from a Slumber; *O what Delights! Who can fathom the Joys of the third Heaven?* And, a little before his Departure, he was blessing and praising GOD for continuing to him his Understanding in Clearness; *but* (added he in a Rapture) *for what is most of all, his abiding Presence, and the shining of his Love upon my Soul. The Sky* (says he) *is clear; there is no Cloud: Come, LORD JESUS, come quickly!*

Within the Hour of his Death, he called his Friends and his Servant, and asked them, If they could give him up: Upon their answering in the Affirmative, since it pleased the LORD to be so gracious to him, he replied; *O what a Blessing it is, you are made willing to give me up into the Hands of my dear Redeemer, and to part with*  
me:



*me : It will not be long before GOD takes me ; for no mortal Man can live, (bursting, while he said it, into Tears of Joy) after the Glories, which GOD has manifested to my Soul. Soon after this he closed his Eyes, and found (as Milton finely expresses it)*

————— *A Death like Sleep,  
A gentle Wasting to immortal Life.*

Thus departed from this present evil World the Reverend Mr. TOPLADY, and, now delivered from Sin and Sorrow, is doubtless employed in Thanksgivings, where the Wicked cease from Troubling, and where the Weary are at Rest. May those, who read this Account of him, be also prepared for the LORD's Appearing, that they, together with him and Myriads of blessed Spirits gone before him, may *inherit the Promises* ! As a controversial Writer, he could not fail of making many Enemies, whose Errors he had freely attacked, and who may therefore be disposed to consider him, not in the most candid View. But the Time is at Hand, when both they who revile, and they who are reviled, *must all appear before the Judgement-Seat of CHRIST* : Let no Man, therefore, *judge before the Time, until the LORD come, who will make manifest the Counsels of the Hearts*. Real Christians, respecting their spiritual Life, have but one Object to view, which is JEHOVAH their Redeemer; and but one Rule  
to



to follow, which is his ever-blessed Word. And with respect to each other, LUTHER's favorite Saying may be received for a Maxim; "That CHARITY beareth all Things, and yieldeth all Things; but FAITH, Nothing." In Heaven, all the Faithful have but one Heart and Soul, whatever Differences or Denominations they may have borne below. In the mean Time, happy are they, who can so bear and forbear, as not to give up the Truth, which is to be sacrificed to no Man; and yet can so assert it, when called upon by Divine Providence, as neither to court nor to fear the Faces of any.

The following Soliloquy, written some Years ago by Mr. *Toplady* upon the Death of a valued Friend, has been thought so apposite to himself in his own dying Hour, that it is presented, without any farther Apology. It will probably be perceived by most Readers, that the Author had in View the memorable Verses of the dying Emperor *Adrian*: But the dark desponding Thought of the *Heathen*, and the illustrious Hope of the *Christian*, afford a Comparison, most gloriously advantageous on the Side of the Gospel\*.

THE

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\* *Adrian* to his Soul on his Death-bed :

*Animula vagula, blandula,  
Hospes, comesque corporis,  
Quæ nunc abibis in loca  
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,  
Nec, ut soles, dabis jocos!*

Mr.



THE DYING BELIEVER TO HIS SOUL.

Deathless Principle, arise :  
Soar, thou Native of the Skies.  
Pearl of Price, by Jesus bought,  
To his glorious Likeness wrought,

Go,

Mr. Pope has given this Translation :

Ah ! fleeting Spirit ! wand'ring Fire,  
That long hast warm'd my tender Breast,  
Must thou no more this Frame inspire ?  
No more a pleasing chearful Guest ?  
Whither, ah whither art thou flying ?  
To what dark undiscover'd Shore ?  
Thou seem'st all trembling, shiv'ring, dying ;  
And Wit and Humour are no more.

The excellent *Masculus*, one of the German Reformers, wrote also a Soliloquy of this kind, not long before his Death ; the Insertion of which, as it is truly evangelical, may not be unacceptable to the Christian Reader.

*Nil superest vitæ, frigus præcordia captat :  
Sed tu, CHRISTE, mihi vita perennis ades.  
Quid trepidas, Anima ? ad sedes abitura quietis,  
En tibi ductor adest ANGELUS ille tuus.  
Linque domum hanc miseram, nunc in sua fata ruentem,  
Quam tibi fida DEI dextera restituet.  
Peccasti ? scio : sed CHRISTUS credentibus in se  
Peccata expurgat sanguine cuncta suo.  
Horribilis mors est ? fateor : sed proxima vita est,  
Ad quam te CHRISTI gratia certa vocat.  
Præsto est de Satanâ, peccato, et morte triumphans  
CHRISTUS : ad HUNC igitur læta alacrisque migra.*

D

The



Go, to shine before his Throne;  
Deck his Mediatorial Crown:  
Go, his Triumphs to adorn;  
Made for GOD, to GOD return.

Lo,

---

The following Translation may be excused, if it fail of the Spirit of the Original.

My fainting Life is nearly gone;  
My Frame is chill'd with dying Cold:  
But JESUS, Thou, my better Life,  
Canst neither sicken nor be old.

Why tremblest, then, my parting Soul?  
To Mansions of eternal Rest  
That ANGEL waits to guide thy Way,  
And bless thee there among the Blest.

Quit then, O quit, this wretched House,  
Nor, at its Ruin, once repine:  
God soon shall build it up again,  
And bid it with new Lustre shine.

But, art thou all-defil'd with Sins?  
Fear not, my Soul, thou ne'er shalt fall;  
Believe his faithful Word, and know,  
The Blood of CHRIST can cleanse them all.

Can Death a thousand Horrors shew?  
True, Soul; but what is Death to thee?  
Life is at hand, the promis'd Life,  
And, like its Giver, sure and free.

Lo! CHRIST, o'er Satan, Sin, and Death,  
Yonder in Triumph sits on high:  
Fly, happy Soul, with eager Wings;  
Away to JESUS swiftly fly?



Lo, He beckons from on high!  
Fearless to his Presence fly:  
Thine the Merit of his Blood;  
Thine the Righteousness of GOD.

Angels, joyful to attend,  
Hov'ring, round thy Pillow bend;  
Wait to catch the Signal giv'n,  
And escort thee quick to Heav'n.

Is thy earthly House distrest?  
Willing to retain her Guest?  
'Tis not Thou, but She, must die:  
Fly, celestial Tenant, fly.  
Burst thy Shackles, drop thy Clay,  
Sweetly breathe thyself away:  
Singing, to thy Crown remove;  
Swift of Wing, and fir'd with Love,

Shudder not to pass the Stream:  
Venture all thy Care on HIM;  
HIM, whose dying Love and Pow'r  
Still'd its Tossing, hush'd its Roar.  
Safe is the expanded Wave;  
Gentle, as a Summer's Eye:  
Not one Object of his Care  
Ever suffer'd Shipwreck there.  
See the Haven full in View!  
Love divine shall bear thee through.  
Trust to that propitious Gale:  
Weigh thy Anchor, spread thy Sail.



Saints, in Glory perfect made,  
 Wait thy Passage through the Shade :  
 Ardent for thy coming o'er,  
 See, they throng the blissful Shore.  
 Mount, their Transports to improve :  
 Join the longing Choir above :  
 Swiftly to their Wish be giv'n :  
 Kindle higher Joy in Heav'n.  
 —Such the Prospects that arise,  
 To the dying Christian's Eyes !  
 Such the glorious Vista, Faith  
 Opens through the Shades of Death !



**THE**



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THE LAST  
WILL AND TESTAMENT

OF THE REVEREND

Augustus Montague Toplady, B. A.

**I**N THE NAME OF GOD AMEN. I Augustus Montague Toplady, Clerk, Batchelor of Arts, and Vicar of the Parish and Parish-Church of *Broad Hembury* in the County of *Devon* and Diocese of *Exeter*; being mindful of my Mortality (though, at present, in a competent State of bodily Health, and of perfect Mind and Memory) do make and declare this my last Will and Testament (all written with my own Hand, and consisting of three folio Pages), this *twenty eighth* Day of *February*, in the Year of our Lord, *One Thousand Seven Hundred, and seventy Eight*, in manner and form following: That is to say.

FIRST:



FIRST: I most humbly commit my Soul to the Hands of Almighty God; whom I know, and have long experienced, to be my ever-gracious and infinitely merciful Father. Nor have I the least doubt of my Election, Justification, and Eternal Happiness, through the Riches of his everlasting and unchangeable Kindness to me in Christ Jesus his co-equal Son; my only, my assured, and my all-sufficient Savior: Washed in whose propitiatory Blood and cloathed with whose imputed Righteousness, I trust to stand perfect and sinless and complete, and do verily believe that I most certainly shall so stand, in the Hour of Death, and in the Kingdom of Heaven, and at the last Judgement, and in the ultimate State of endless Glory. Neither can I write this my last Will without rendering the deepest, the most solemn, and the most ardent Thanks, to the adorable Trinity in Unity, for their eternal, unmerited, irreversibile, and inexhaustible Love to me a Sinner. I bless God the Father, for having written, from everlasting, my unworthy Name in the Book of Life; even for appointing me to obtain Salvation, through Jesus Christ my Lord. I adore God the Son, for his having vouchsafed to redeem me by his own most precious Death; and for having obeyed the whole Law, for my Justification. I admire and revere the gracious Benignity of God the Holy Ghost, who converted me, to the saving Knowledge of Christ, more than two and  
 twenty



twenty Years ago, and whose enlightening, supporting, comforting, and sanctifying Agency is, and (I doubt not) will be, my Strength and my Song, in the House of my earthly Pilgrimage. **SECONDLY**: As to my Body, I will and desire it may be interred in my Chancel, within the Parish-Church of Broad Hembury, aforesaid, *if* I should be in Devonshire, or near to that County at the Time of my Death. But, in case I dye at, or in the Neighbourhood of, London; or at any other considerable Distance from Devonshire; let the Place of my Interment be, where-soever my Executor (herein after named) shall chuse and appoint; unless, in Writing or by Word of Mouth, I should hereafter signify any particular Spot for my Place of Burial. **THIRDLY**: Let me be buried where I may, my express Will and Desire is, that my Grave be dug to the Depth of nine Feet, at the very least, from the Surface of the Ground; or (which would be still more agreeable to my Will and Desire) to the Depth of twelve Feet, if the Nature of the Soil should admit of it. I earnestly request my Executor to see to the Performance of this Article, with particular Care and Exactness. **FOURTHLY**: My express Will is, that my Funeral Expences may not, if possible, exceed the Sum of twenty Pounds, Sterling. Let no Company be invited to my Burial. Let no Rings, Scarves, Hat-Bands, or Mourning of any Kind, be distributed.

Let



Let no Funeral Sermon be preached. Let no Monument be erected\*. FIFTHLY; Whatsoever worldly Substance and Effects I shall die possessed of; and whatsoever worldly Substance and Effects I may be entitled to, before, at, or after, the Time of my Decease; whether Money, Plate, China, Books, Coins and Medals, Paintings, Linen, Cloaths, Furniture, and all other Effects, of whatsoever Kind, and to what Amount soever, whether in Town or Country, at Home or Abroad; together with all Arrears, and Dues, of every sort; I do, hereby, give and bequeath the whole and every of them (excepting only such single Sum, as shall be herein afterwards distinctly named and otherways disposed of) to my valuable and valued Friend Mr. *William Hufsey*, China and Glass-Dealer of Coventry-street, in the County of Middlesex, and Parish of St. James, in the Liberty of Westminster; and who [viz. the said Mr. *William Hufsey*] when not resident in Town, is likewise of Kensington-Gore, in the said County of Middlesex, and Parish of St. Margaret, Westminster. And I do hereby nominate, constitute, and appoint Him, the said Mr. *William Hufsey*, the whole and sole Executor of this my last Will and Testament, and my whole and sole Residuary Legatee. SIXTHLY: My Will is, that my Effects, so left and bequeathed

\* Some Part of this was altered by his own verbal Direction.



queathed, as abovesaid, to the aforenamed *William Hussey*, shall be, and hereby are, charged with the Payment of the clear and neat Sum of one hundred and five Pounds, good and lawful Money of Great Britain, to *Elizabeth Sterling*, now or late of Snow's-Fields, in or near the Borough of Southwark, in the County of Surry, Spinster. Which said Sum of one hundred and five Pounds lawful Money of Great Britain, as abovesaid, I will and desire may be paid, clear and free of all Deduction whatever, to the said *Elizabeth Sterling* by my before named Executor Mr. *William Hussey*, within three Months, at farthest, after my Decease; for and in Consideration of the long and faithful Services, rendered by her, the said *Elizabeth Sterling*, to my late dear and honor'd Mother of ever-loved and revered Memory. SEVENTHLY: Let all my Manuscripts of what Kind soever (I mean, all Manuscripts of and in my own Hand writing,) be consumed by Fire, within one Week after my Interment\*. EIGHTHLY: Whereas it may seem mysterious, that I leave and bequeath no testamentary Memorial of my Regard to any of my own Relations, whether by Blood or by Alliance, and whether related to me by my Father's Side, or by my Mother's, it may be proper just to hint my Reasons. In the *first* Place, I am

\* This was revoked by his own Desire, and left to the Discretion of his Executor.



greatly mistaken, if all my own Relations be not superior to me, in point of worldly Circumstances. And, *secondly*, as my said Relations are rather numerous, I deem myself more than justified in passing them all by, and in not singling out one, or a few, in Preference to the rest; especially seeing my good Wishes are impartially divided among them All. NINTHLY: With respect to many most valued and honor'd Persons, whose Intimacy and Friendship have so highly contributed to the Happiness of my Life, though not related to me by any family Tye; These I likewise, omit, as Legatees: *First*, Because they are, in general, abundantly richer than myself; and, *Secondly*, because they too are so extremely numerous, both in Town and Country, that it is absolutely out of my Power to bequeath, to each and every one of them, a substantial or very valuable Memento of the respectfull Love which I bear to them in Christ our common Saviour; and to distinguish only some of them by Legacys, might carry an Implication of Ingratitude to the rest.—In Testimony of all which Premisses, (and at the same Time, utterly revoking, cancelling, annulling, and rescinding every and all other Will or Wills, by me heretofore made) I hereunto set my Hand and Seal, the Day and Year first above written, viz. *Saturday*, the *twenty-eighth* Day of *February*; and in the Year of our Lord, *One Thousand Seven Hundred and Seventy-eight*; and  
of



of the Reign of his Majesty, King George the  
Third, the eighteenth Year.

**AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY.**



Signed, Declared, and Published, as and for  
the last Will and Testament of Him, the said  
*Augustus Montague Toplady*, in the Presence of  
us, who subscribe our Names in the Testator's  
Presence, and at his Request.

**JOHN BERNARD JUNTHER,  
THOMAS WILKS.**

N. B. It seems proper to inform the Public,  
that Mr. *Toplady* died possessed of no Estate, ei-  
ther real or personal, more than what is expressed  
in the above Will, and that his Executor has re-  
ceived no Emolument whatever hitherto, and  
can receive none, but what may arise from the  
Sale of his Books, Medals, and Furniture.



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